

DIED OF POISON IN THE GRAMERCY.

Herman F. Dale Found Groaning and Unconscious on the Floor.

HAD SWALLOWED ACID.

His Mother Found Him Dying on Her Return from a Christmas Visit.

APOPLEXY, SAID SICKLES.

The Old Soldier Called While the Doctors Were Trying to Save the Life of His Friend.

A WOMAN GREATLY EXCITED.

She Seemed to Be Very Much Upset by the Death of Dale—Doctors Say It Might Have Been an Accident.

Carbolic acid caused the death of Herman F. Dale, a young insurance broker, at his home at No. 34 Gramercy Park—the Gramercy Apartment House—last evening. He was found lying on the floor in the drawing room unconscious by his mother at 4:20 o'clock in the afternoon. A bottle of carbolic acid, diluted, was lying beside him. Although the doctors worked over him the poison had taken too firm a hold and he expired in three hours.

While the doctors worked over the young man General Daniel E. Sickles called and remained with the family during the greater part of the night. A young woman rushed from an upper apartment while General Sickles was there and displayed frantic grief at the news of Dale's death. The family denied that Herman had any love affair.

Dale was twenty-six years old and lived with his mother and two brothers, John and David, on the first floor of the apartment house. He came of an old Knickerbocker family. He apparently spent the early part of the day in a happy frame of mind.

Mrs. Dale went to visit friends at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, leaving her three sons at home. When she returned at 4:30, Herman was lying on the floor. The other brothers were in another part of the apartment. Word was sent at once to Drs. J. R. Conway and R. J. Parker, of No. 137 East Twenty-third street, and when they responded they declared that Dale was in a very bad condition. They immediately sent this message to Bellevue Hospital:

"Hurry an ambulance to No. 34 Gramercy Park, and bring a stomach pump." Dr. Davenport answered the call, and, assisted by the other physicians, succeeded in extracting some of the poison from Dale's stomach. While the doctors were at work, General Daniel E. Sickles called and comforted the mother. While the doctors still worked on Dale he expired, without regaining consciousness.

The matter was not reported to the police by the family. When a reported called at the East Twenty-second street station the sergeant in charge sent Detectives Smith and Stevens to investigate. The detectives were met at the door by General Sickles, who said that young Dale had dropped dead from apoplexy, the same as his father had done years before.

While the detectives were making the examination of the body and the surroundings a young woman, elaborately attired and wearing much expensive jewelry, rushed into the apartment, crying, "Oh, has he done it, Jack, has he done it?"

The young woman addressed the younger son, John, who shook his head sadly and said: "Yes."

At this the young woman almost collapsed, and exclaimed: "Oh, then I will stay with mother!"

When the detectives asked General Sickles what he knew of the matter, he said: "Herman Dale died of apoplexy. It was hereditary in his case. Drs. Parker and Conway had been attending him from time to time for three months."

Smith and Stevens then called on Drs. Conway and Parker. Dr. Conway admitted to them that neither he nor Dr. Parker had ever been called in before to attend Herman Dale. He said, further, that death was due to carbolic acid poisoning and that it was accidental. The solution, he said, was very light and the victim had evidently taken it some hours before he was found. The bottle containing the poison was not labelled, and Dr. Conway said he thought Dale must have mistaken it for a bottle of medicine.

"When we called," said Conway, "we found the man lying on the floor and groaning. He could not speak to us. His lower lip was blistered and swollen and his mouth burned. The only reason we sent for an ambulance and stomach pump was because we knew that those things were always handy at Bellevue Hospital."

David Dale, the elder brother, was closeted with Dr. Conway for nearly an hour last evening. When seen afterward he said that Herman had died through accident.

"He was in no trouble, and let me assure you there was no love affair to bother him," he said. "The young lady who was so much affected was merely a friend of the family. She knows us very intimately and, of course, was very much shocked at Herman's sudden death."

Mrs. Dale would not be seen. The younger brother, Jack, reiterated David's statement that there was no love affair, and why Herman should take his life.

General Sickles, when seen afterward, refused to discuss the matter. "I merely called to pay a Christmas visit," he said,

"and found my friend thus sorely afflicted." Herman Dale was a very handsome man of athletic build, and fond of outdoor sports. He was a broker for the Fire and Life Insurance Company, of New York, and had an office at No. 56 Pine street.

GOULD'S DINNER FOR MISS CLEMMONS.

The Actress Was at the Holland House Affair with Her Mother.

Howard Gould's much talked of Christmas dinner to friends, among them the actress Katherine Clemmons, was given last night at the Holland House.

The utmost secrecy was thrown about the affair. Miss Clemmons, to whom Mr. Gould is reported to be engaged, arrived early with her mother in a closed carriage and went at once to the banquet room. Some fifty guests formed the party. After the dinner some vaudeville entertainment was enjoyed.

Great interest attached to the dinner, as it was conjectured that the engagement of Mr. Gould and Miss Clemmons might be announced, or—more sensationally—that they might be married.

The marriage of the two would cost Mr. Gould a great part of his fortune.

DURRANT JUROR IS ACCUSED.

Father of the Condemned Man Makes Another Effort to Delay the Execution.

San Francisco, Dec. 25.—The long-promised sensation in the Durrant case developed when W. A. Durrant, father of the murderer, presented an affidavit to Judge Sewell, in which he charged Juror Smyth with having knowingly used certain information not presented at the trial of Theodore Durrant in deciding the merits of the case in his (Smyth's) mind. Durrant, Sr., says that Smyth talked of the case to reputable persons before the trial was concluded, and that Smyth had made up his mind as to the defendant's guilt before the trial was half concluded.

Durrant's attorneys formulated papers on a motion for a writ of probable cause and presented them to Judge Bahrs. He denied the motion and gave notice that an application for a writ of probable cause should be made before the Supreme Court. This will be done in a few days.

BROKE THE NEWS IN A PRAYER.

James Leonard's Sister First Heard of Her Brother's Frightful End from a Priest at the Altar.

Easton, Pa., Dec. 25.—James Leonard, aged thirty-two, of South Easton, was run over by a Lehigh Valley passenger train in the Phillips yards this morning and had his head almost severed from his body and one hand cut off. He was employed by the company to look after the signal lamps at this place.

The news of the accident reached the Rev. Father McGovern, of St. Bernard's Catholic Church, who offered prayer in behalf of the deceased, which was the first knowledge Leonard's sister, who was in church and had waited for him to accompany her, had of her brother's awful fate.

DUPED THE LITTLE CORONER.

But Drug Clerk Bausch Changed His Demands When Told He Was Under Arrest.

Coroner Hooper is highly indignant at Casper Bausch, the clerk employed by Druggist Anthony Sile, of No. 3074 Avenue A, who filled the prescription for "one grain of phenacetin" that killed the seventeen-month-old girl baby of Philip Schulz, of No. 442 East Eighty-eighth street. The drug was prescribed by Dr. Julius I. Metzger.

"The autopsy," said the coroner yesterday, showed that the child died of acute gastro-enteritis and acute bronchopneumonia. I went to Schulz's house, got the powders and took them to the drug store. There I asked for the bottle from which the clerk claimed the powder had been taken. The bottle was labelled phenacetin. I tasted some of the contents and then the other powder. I found a decided difference between the two. The powder, given to the child, had a bitter taste. Dr. Lederle, of the Health Board, who analyzed it, found that it contained morphine.

"I got the druggist and his clerk to taste the morphine powder, and compare it with the taste of the phenacetin. They insisted that they did not notice the bitter taste. The clerk also insisted he had taken the powder from the bottle labelled phenacetin. Bausch was very aggravating, although I treated him with consideration. He would not even give his name at first nor until I informed him that he was under arrest. Then he admitted that he was only a student of pharmacy, and had not received his diploma. This is also a violation of the law, but is something for the druggists' association to deal with, not the coroners' office. He will be arraigned on Wednesday, but is at present under the parole of his employer."

Captain W. H. Grace Dead.

Brooklyn politician, died suddenly at his residence, No. 187 Jorham street, Friday evening, while sitting at his desk in his office, No. 45 Willoughby street.

He was a member of St. Patrick's Society and other Irish organizations. For years past he was in the real estate business. He leaves a wife and two sons, one of whom is a student at Yale College.

Mayor-elect Van Wyck's Christmas.

Mayor-elect Van Wyck spent Christmas at the home of his brother, Justice August Van Wyck, No. 172 Hancock street, Brooklyn. There was a jovial family gathering, the new Mayor exclaiming all political or "shop" talk.

The Kaiser's Christmas Gift.

Berlin, Dec. 25.—The Emperor has presented the Empress with a beautiful bracelet, consisting of miniatures of himself and their seven children, set in diamonds. In the center is the portrait of Princess Louise, and below it is the Emperor's portrait in a heart-shaped setting.

"YOU KNOW YOU ARE MY FATHER."

Colonel Johnson Denied It, and the Man Who Claimed Him Tried to Shoot.

A WAR-TIME MYSTERY.

A Son's Quest for Vengeance on the Parent Who Deserted His Mother Years Ago.

END OF SON'S LONG SEARCH.

He Says the Wealthy New Jerseyman Is the Same as the Villain Who Sent False News of His Own Death.

Vineland, N. J., Dec. 25.—"You are my father! You have denied me for thirty-five years. My mother—your true wife—died of a broken heart because of your villainy! You know I am your legitimate son; that these other children have no right to your name. You know this, you say. I've told it to you before, and you have not dared to face me in court. Your damned villainy will not triumph! I will avenge the wrong you did my mother!"

A young man burst into the home of Colonel Edward Johnson, a rich and prominent resident of this place, this evening, and after this speech drew a pistol and attempted to shoot Colonel Johnson and his son Felix. He was seized and disarmed and is now in jail, charged with assault to murder.

His story is an astounding one. It is to the effect that in 1861 Colonel Johnson—then Captain Johnson, of the Thirty-first New York Volunteers—caused word to be sent to his wife in New York that he had been killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff. She, believing herself to be a widow, went to California at the suggestion of her husband's brother, who brought her the news of Captain Johnson's death, and who subsequently wrote to her that her husband's body had been sent here and interred beside that of one of their children in Greenwood Cemetery.

It was not until years afterward, when she applied for a pension as the captain's widow, that she learned that her husband had not been killed and that no man's body had been buried beside the child in Greenwood.

George Johnson says he can prove the Colonel is his father, and that the woman who has been known and respected as Mrs. Johnson for thirty years was not married to him until two months after the false report of the Captain's death in 1861.

Colonel Johnson denies the whole story. He says he doesn't know whether young Johnson is crazy or has merely fixed on the wrong man for a father, but he says emphatically that he is not the father sought for, and adds that he never heard of young Johnson until the latter wrote him a year ago, making the claim that he was his son.

Vineland is wildly excited over the affair. Young Johnson has been there before and has made some people believe his story. Colonel Johnson has lived here for many years. He is wealthy and has a grown-up family. He was United States Consul at Tampico, Mexico, under President Grant, and has been associated with every public movement in this vicinity.

"Now, I did not want to kill my father," said George E. Johnson, after the clash. "I wanted to force him to have me arrested so that I could bring him into court and make him face the evidence I have. I don't want any of his money, though I have been given to understand I can have some of it if I will only go away. I'm not after money. What I want is to punish him for the wrong he did my mother—the best mother that ever starved and suffered for her child. I am sorry for the woman who thinks she is my father's wife, and for his children, but my duty is to protect the honor of my dead mother and to force this man to right her memory by acknowledging me, and I will do it. I have given the best years of my life to tracing him; I have ruined myself in health and fortune, but I have succeeded. Colonel Johnson is my father, and he knows it, and his brother, William Johnson, of Delhi, knows it, and I have affidavits of men in whose presence he admitted that I was a Johnson."

Edward Johnson and my mother, who was Anna Jane Bradburn, were married May 1, 1835, in St. John's Church, Trinity Parish, New York, by Vear Weston, who is dead. There is no record at the church of the marriage. They were notoriously lax about keeping records of marriages; but there is a record of the birth, baptism and death of their first child, in August, 1839.

Captain Johnson enlisted in the Thirty-first Volunteers under the name of Edward Johnson. He returned sometimes to his home during the first year of the war, and the last time my mother saw him was a few days before the battle of Ball's Bluff, which was fought October 2, 1861.

"My mother told me how his brother brought her the word of my father's death and shipped her off to California. That was in December, 1861. It was in December, 1861, that Colonel Johnson married the woman whom he now calls wife."

"I have devoted my life to hunting this thing down, so I know all about it. They were married hastily—secretly—in a room of a private house. Captain Lamb, fellow officer of my father, witnessed the wedding. Colonel Johnson now gives out that he was married in church and publicly. I can prove it was not so."

"My mother had a frightful time in California. She was so poor she had to put my sister and myself in an orphan asylum while she went out as a wet nurse. We were abused in the asylum and my sister died."

"About eighteen years ago my mother applied for a pension. Her application was rejected and she was informed that Captain Johnson was a dead man."

PLOT TO KIDNAP A MILLIONAIRE.

Three Men Planned to Force a Ransom from D. T. Porter.

WANTED A \$15,000 CHECK.

Expected to Keep Him Gagged and Bound Until It Could Be Cashed.

WOMACK'S COURAGE FAILED HIM.

Betrayed His Accomplices and Their Scheme After He Had Been Arrested on a Petty Charge.

Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 25.—Three desperate men who plotted to kidnap Dr. D. T. Porter, a citizen said to be worth a million and ex-Mayor of Memphis, in order to force him to sign a check for \$15,000, are prisoners at Police Headquarters. They are Wm. Roberts, alias Ryan, alias Kelly, 40 years old, who claims to be a lawyer from Pensacola, Fla., ringleader of the gang; W. H. Bennett, aged 27, a sewer pipe burner from Brazil, Ind.; J. R. Womack, aged 25, a railroad brakeman and ex-suburban man on the Louisville Fire Department.

Womack lost his courage and betrayed his accomplices, and it was through his arrest on a charge of carrying concealed weapons the plot was brought to light. The prisoner confessed that the object of the kidnapers was to force the capitalist to sign a check for \$15,000. They were to secure the money before releasing their victim, and then, if the check was cashed, to escape before the police could be notified of the disappearance of their victim. Womack was locked up pending an investigation.

Chief Mosley has received a message from the chief of the Louisville Fire Department saying Womack was well known in Louisville and might be believed under ordinary circumstances.

MRS. LUETGERT'S BROTHER INSANE.

Sausage Maker's Attorneys Will Introduce New Evidence in the Present Trial.

Chicago, Dec. 25.—The attorneys of Adolph L. Luetgert have received a report from the superintendent of the insane asylum at Piquette, Cal., on the mental condition of Herman Bleckner, the brother of Louis Luetgert, who disappeared twenty years ago and was recently discovered locked up in the Colorado State Insane Asylum. The defense will endeavor to put this document in evidence, and if the Court refuses to admit it the superintendent of the asylum himself will be brought here to testify.

According to the superintendent's report, the mental aberration of Mrs. Luetgert's brother was brought on by excessive drinking rather than as an inherited trait, although in the opinion of the superin-

MICHAEL AND CHASE RACE IN THE GARDEN.

Thirty-Mile Contest Between the Welsh Rarebit and the Englishman.

GREAT CROWD AT GARDEN.

Vociferous Cheers and Holiday Enthusiasm Prevail Throughout the Contest.

PRELIMINARY RACES ARE FARCES.

But Bob Miller Surprised the Assemblage by Defeating Jay Eaton, the "Indoor Cycling King."

At 11 o'clock Michael was nine laps or nearly one mile ahead of Chase, and looked a sure winner unless stopped by an accident.

Shortly afterward there was a bad accident, in which Michael, Chase and ten pacemakers were badly mixed up.

A great crowd saw the start of the thirty-mile race between Jimmie Michael and Arthur Chase, of England, at Madison Square Garden last night. The riders were sent away at 10:20 o'clock amid the cheers of the assembled multitude. After they had been riding half an hour Michael was nine laps ahead.

At 8 o'clock there were fully 5,000 spectators in the Garden and they were still pouring through the gates with the force of a mill race. They had apparently dined well and wine well, and were full of noise and enthusiasm. A dozen or more multi-colored flyers were speeding around the track, and the yellow and blue and pink of the bunch looked like a flying rainbow.

"Go it, Tommy!" "Hit 'er up, Jim!" "You'd be all right if you were not knocked Freddy," were the cries.

The rumble of the wheels over the hollow boards sounded like the far-off roll of a heavy storm.

At the east end of the track a pink-nosed man with a flannel smile leaned so far over the iron rail in front of the boxes that he lost his balance and tumbled over onto the steep track. He rolled down like a badger. Zip! Zip! Zip! went three racers, shaving him so closely that the crowd shivered. The narrow escape did not seem to worry the man with the rattle-tide. He got up, dusted his hat, gazed around in an uncertain way, and asked: "Wharsh me boxsh?"

The band whanged away with the greatest enthusiasm, blowing their aural bombs so violently through their instruments that a fog hung about them. The loud-voiced waiters flew hither and thither with peanuts and sarsaparilla, the red-coated programme boy howled, and the crowd roared, snaked, and fumed.

There was no mistake about this track. It had been measured and verified to the inch by the Journal. Shortly after eight o'clock the army of pacemakers came



Michael in Everyday Costume.



How the Pacemakers Fall In and Out of Place.

The picture shows the relief tandem in place just in advance of Michael, with the previous pair retiring up track. The relief tandem is ahead, making pace. This change of pacemakers is one of the prettiest features of such a contest as took place last night.

tendent a family tendency to insanity might have been aided by the liquor habit.

South Jersey Covers in Bad Luck.

San Jose City, N. J., Dec. 25.—A remarkable series of fatalities has befallen the Conover family, of Cape May County, N. J. Wednesday morning William Conover, an overy and clam singer, living near Burlington, was found dead in bed, with his throat cut from ear to ear. beside the bed was found a rusty case, with which the dead had been committed. Coroner Douglas rendered a verdict of suicide. Last April the fifteen-year-old son of Conover committed suicide by hanging himself in a pear tree in the home. Two weeks ago Conover's brother was drowned near Atlantic City.

streaming out on the track, and stabled their machines along the inner rail. Then the flyers, who were slicing the air in meteoric circles, were called in, and spectators began to shape themselves for the preliminary races.

The first race was a mile professional affair. There were two human potato-bugs and a June bug in this event. The June bug was Groggitz, the French champion. He was dressed in gorgeous red.

The preliminary races were farces, more or less. The crowd hissed and howled by turns. They would stand no longer. Bob

the boxes about the track, and the flashing of brand-new Christmas diamonds was something impressive. They were in all stages of ennui. Some of them yawned; others talked of anything from tragedy to "Clement Scott except bicycle racing."

At 9 o'clock there were fully nine thousand spectators in the Garden, and the atmosphere was thick enough for a man's trowel, but that makes no difference to persons with wheels, either external or internal. Almost the only thing of thrilling interest previous to the great event of the evening was the unflinching regularity with which the red French June-bug won his heats. But Groggitz lost the final heat and a large area of gloom overspread the French colony.

Regarding the rumor that Corbett and Fitzsimmons were matched to fight in Carson City in June, William A. Brady said: "It's simply another case of Fitzsimmons trying to bolster up his business. You will notice that all these stories come from Chicago. First Fitz will fight, then he won't fight. Next his baby, enquiring his father's advice. 'What a baby he must be!' shout the public. Next he buys a baby lion. Then he springs this talk about a match with Corbett. I will give him a thousand dollars if he will sign for a match with Corbett to-morrow."

NEWHOUSE BEAT JEAN GOUGOLTZ.

By A. G. Batchelder.

Gougoltz went off his mark like a shot in the first heat of the professional, and had lapped the field before the Red, while Miller beat Eaton, the indoor king, in the next trial, although it amounted to nothing as two men qualified. Nat Butler, another king of the unpaired order, to kick third heat, while the fourth resulted in Hatfield beating Hoyt, who was lurching ahead of Titus. Newhouse landed the next trial, with Teddy Goodman at his rear wheel. Weiner, Walsh and Stevens were the only men in the next two heats; and they qualified without racing.

Babeek started from scratch in the first heat of the amateurs' half-mile, but failed to get through. Loose winning easily. Schofield took the second heat, while Kramer went through the field to the front in good style at the next trial. Gougoltz did not try the trick of evening until after the first lap in the semi-final, and won then came back. He made a terrific jump at 85; lay and, try as others could, it was impossible to catch him until the last lap, when Newhouse came upon him, but not quite strong enough. He beat the Frenchman, and told the crowd, by whom he was cheered. Butler, qualified by running at length. Newhouse landed the next trial, with Goodman second.

While the racing was going on a rumor spread about the Garden that Fitzsimmons and Corbett had been matched to fight in Carson City on June 18. The spectators heard the rumor and winked the other eye. There was a fringe of pretty actresses in